

Groom (a collision has just occurred). "MASTER'S SORRY YOUR CART IS BROKE; BUT HE SAYS IT WASN'T HIS FAULT."
Tinker. "NO, MISTER TOP'AT, IT WASN'T. IT WAS YOURS FOR LETTIN' 'IM DRIVE!"

THE DANCER.

TRIOLET.

I LOVE to see the dancing girl
Perform her pretty pirouette,
So lightly does she twist and twirl.
I love to see the dancing girl,
With twinkling feet and arms awirl,
A sight not easy to forget,
I love to see the dancing girl
Perform her pretty pirouette.

THE MODERN HERO.

NEEDLESS to say whom we refer to—
needless to say that the undivided attention
of London is at this moment concentrated
upon the

SMALL, BUT STURDY FIGURE

of TIMOTHY TIBBITS, the intrepid page-boy,
who, on Thursday of last week, conveyed a
note from his master in Berkeley Square to
a house in the most distant wilds of Clapham

IN LESS THAN THREE HOURS!

No sooner had the news of the errand
which TIBBITS was to undertake electrified
the town, than fifteen reporters, four photo-
graphers, and a representative of a wax-
work exhibition, were seen hastening with
all possible speed to Berkeley Square. The
youthful hero was discovered

IN THE KITCHEN

with an open *Bradshaw* before him, and a
peppermint lozenge in his mouth. He
looked, perhaps, slightly pale—and who
could wonder at this, bearing in mind the
stupendous task he had undertaken? But he
managed to hide his emotion wonderfully, and
even smiled at the questions put to him.

"Yes, I SHALL DO IT RIGHT ENOUGH,"

was his marvellous reply to those who
enquired whether he really had any hopes
of succeeding in his gigantic endeavour.
Although only twelve years of age, many
an experienced traveller might have envied
the celerity and ease with which Master
TIBBITS made his preparations for his
journey. Wisely he declined to hamper
himself by taking any luggage. Indeed, a
bag of peppermints in one pocket, and a
couple of oranges in the other, constituted

HIS SOLE EQUIPMENT

for the journey. Needless to say, his fellow-
servants assisted his preparations with the
greatest enthusiasm, and it was with visible
emotion that the family butler raised a
whistle to his lips and

SUMMONED THE HANSON

which was to have the honour of conveying
TIBBITS for the first stage of his journey.
The driver of the vehicle selected proved to
be a Mr. JOHN JEHU, of Bermondsey, and
we hope to publish an illustrated interview
with that gentleman in our next number.
Numerous other cabs were quickly obtained
for the photographers and reporters, and at
11.27 precisely, amid terrific cheering from
the large crowd which had assembled to
witness the departure,

THE PROCESSION STARTED.

No noteworthy incident occurred until
the Strand was reached. Here there was a
delay of some twenty minutes, as TIBBITS'
hansom was

BOARDED BY THE EDITOR

of an evening paper, who insisted on learning

the hero's views on Vaccination, the London
Government Bill, and the Modern Drama.
Moving on again, the perils of Waterloo
Bridge were successfully negotiated, and
shortly afterwards the procession

DREW UP AT THE STATION.

We reserve for a future number a full
account of the scene on the platform, with the

PATHETIC INCIDENTS

of TIBBITS' final leave-taking. When at
last the tail-light of the train had dis-
appeared, slowly the assembly dispersed,
with many gloomy forebodings of disaster.
Some did not hesitate to describe the enter-
prise as simply foolhardy. But, just one
hour later,

FEAR GAVE PLACE TO JOY

when a telegram was received, announcing
that the heroic undertaking

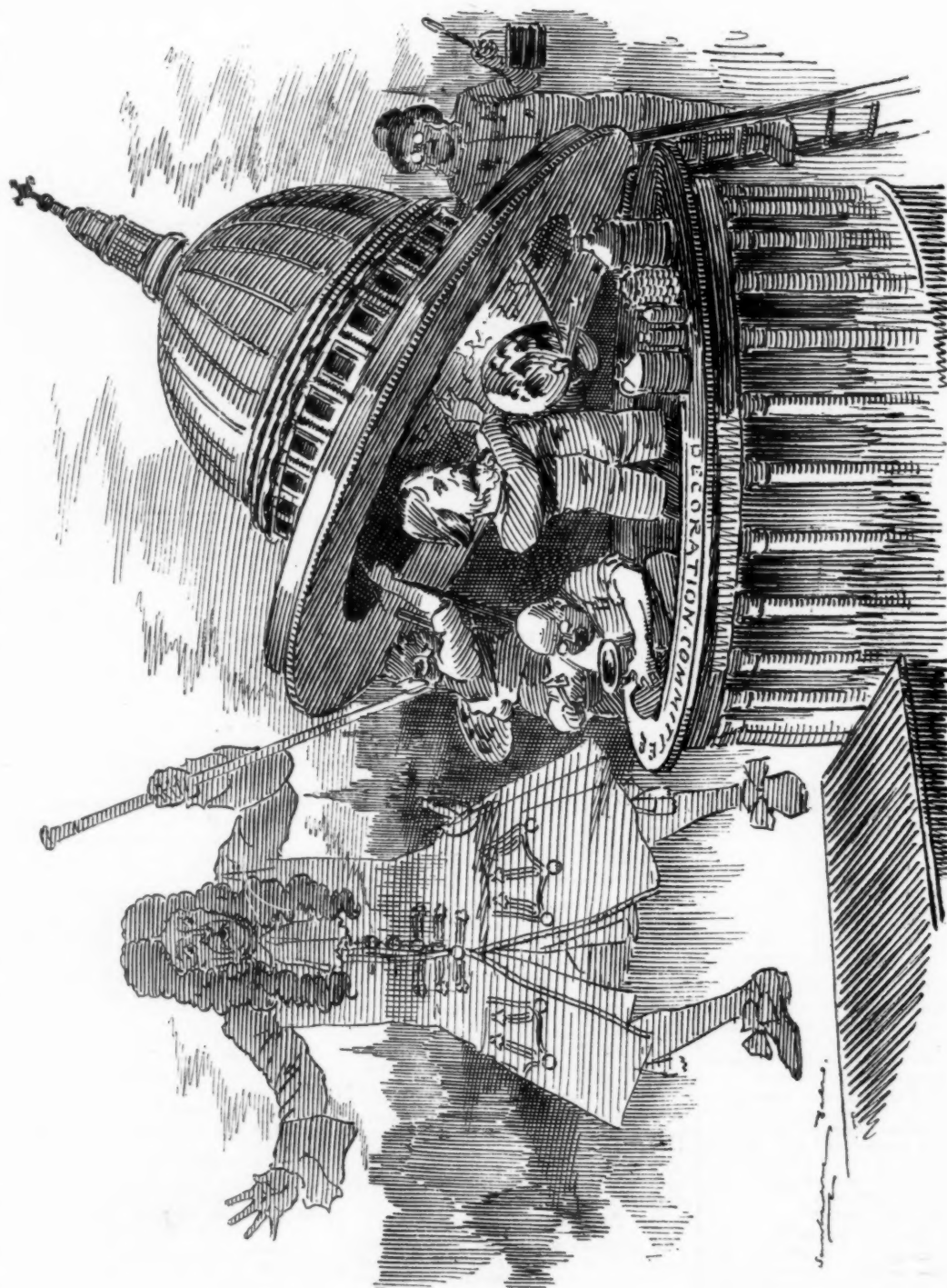
HAD BEEN SAFELY ACCOMPLISHED!

London breathed again. Arrangements
were quickly made for an illumination, and
in Berkeley Square a

GRAND DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS

fitly expressed the general rejoicing that
success had crowned Master TIMOTHY
TIBBITS' unrivalled feat of heroism. For a
full description of these demonstrations, as
well as for a detailed account of the return
journey, consult our future issues.

ALARMING INTELLIGENCE!—"Punch" in
the hands of the house-breakers." So ran
a paragraph in one of the evening papers,
but it turned out, on further inquiry, to refer
to the widening of Fleet Street, and we
breathed again.



THE DOOM OF ST. PAUL'S.

Shade of Sir Christopher (objecting to Sir W. R. CHAMBERLAIN'S "improvements"). "Oh, Willie, Willie, how well could we have missed you!"

THE GIRL CADDIE OF GUERNSEY.

[On the Guernsey golf-links girl caddies are employed.]

At Guernsey there is a most beautiful course,

The golfers there do not have laddies,
Instead there's a curious custom in force
Of only employing girl caddies.

At Guernsey, supposing you ever get
"holed,"

You never fly into a passion,
At once by a charming girl caddie consoled,
You smile in superior fashion.

At Guernsey the caddies are most picturesque

And smart in their bright Tam o' Shanters;
Curmudgeons complain the idea is burlesque,
But nobody heeds these old ranters.

At Guernsey intending to "putt" on the
"links,"

I started one day like a stupid,
But ere I returned with my caddie, methinks
The links had been put on by Cupid.

FROM A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

"Most enterprising of my nephews, I'm sure. Wonder what they will try next?"

DEAR UNCLE CHARLEY,—Weeve startid to write (I meen me and STINKER you know) a Ensycloppeajer not like the times one but one of Rooral Sports well weeve dun the first too subjecks Archry and Biecceling witch I send you inklosed and will fourward you the rest from weak to weak I think ittle be a grate sucksess at all evence weel go round and maik all the littul fellers bye it. If there small enuff (the fellers I meen not the Ensycloppeajer) thers no differcully about maiking them bye it Ile see to that you might remember abowt the sossidges wen you rite we are quite out of them

Your affeckshunt nephew MAX.

Archry.—Archry is rot whats the good of archry wy wile a fellers striking attitewds & fitting an arow to his bow anuther feller could nock him orf his perch a duzzen times with a rifool a chap hear at this school arches with his sissters wen he goes home for the hollidays sily ass Archry consists of a Bow and arow and a Targit you aim at the Targit and miss it and have to go and pick up the arow yorself witch is an orful tag and then you have to wate untill all the uther roters have had a shott befor you have a turn again no give me Cockshys at an empty Bottel say I.

Biecceling.—This is better tho the one Ive gots only a Bone-Shaker but still as I have to shair it with STINKER its quite good enuff fancy the littul ass fell orf it on his hed and twissted the weel out of shaip I dunno if he hert himself I never arsked him he is a rotter he enoide me so yestiddy I had to slog him well now about Biecceling its a nobel sport tho not ainshten like the o'limpyun gains the romans playd in Greace &c. and now they have indiaruber tires that you blow out only not with your mouth but a pump you know If you go to bye a bike they say price 28 lbs on the list but theyll talk about ½ or less praps they reelly are beasely cheets youde better get a Spider bike SMITH major ses they are the best.

P.S. Ive ject herd that SMITH majors the son of old SMITH—well of course hes the son of old SMITH I don't meen that at least I do meen that but I meen that hes the son of old SMITH whos intrested in the sail of Spiders so bewear of his I meen SMITH majors reckermendashon see?



Tue. Mar. 14/99.

Scrimble. "SO SORRY I'VE NONE OF MY WORK TO SHOW YOU. FACT IS, I'VE JUST SENT ALL MY PICTURES TO THE ACADEMY."

Mrs. Macmillions. "WHAT A PITY! I DID SO MUCH WANT TO SEE THEM. HOW SOON DO YOU EXPECT THEM BACK?"

SOME SUBJECTS FOR TAXATION

In order to meet the Existing Deficit.

ADVERTISEMENTS of any kind of Pill, of whatever size, colour, value or efficacy.

Pictures in newspapers of Babies who have thriven on So-and-So's Germ-pap.

Nursemaids who propel Perambulators along crowded pavements, instead of airing their charges in some retired part of the Park.

Ladies who stop omnibuses two seconds after the horses have started, especially up an incline.

Individuals who must needs go out and have a drink between each Act of a play, in order to disturb and tread on the toes of as many people as possible in a theatre.

Society persons, anxious to advertise themselves, who worry artistes into giving

gratuitous services in aid of some totally superfluous and undeserving object.

People who relate the story about the man who put spinach on his hair at dinner.

Parties, male and female, who can afford to insert absurd pieces of poetry in the agony columns of the Times.

Weather-prophets, palmists, astrologers and other practitioners on human credulity.

Flat-earthites, Baconians, Anglo-Israelites, and similar cranks who are devoid of humour.

Football-maniacs whose only idea of sport is to hustle or lynch the referee.

Fashionables of restricted intellect who would die rather than not wear the latest hideous shape of turn-down collar, or the dernier cri in ties.

Persons who don't take in Punch.

And finally, wearers of Matinée Hats.



QUERY.

"MUMMY, WHY HAVEN'T YOU GOT FEVVERS ON YOUR MOUT, LIKE DADDY?"

FOREWARNED; FOREARMED!

Or, The New Art of Self-Defence.

It was in the dead of night, and I awoke to hear stealthy movements below, and to smell the fragrance of an excellent cigar—one of my own. I instantly realised that there was a burglar in the house, and remembered that I was the only male inmate, but it never occurred to me for a moment to lock my door and bide under the bed-clothes. On the contrary, I welcomed an encounter in which I knew that all the odds would be on *my* side. So, just as I was, in my pyjamas, without a poker or anything, I slipped down to my study (where the smell of cigars seemed to come from), and walked in. There was the burglar, just mixing himself a second whisky and soda. He was rather a bigger burglar than I had expected—but that was immaterial to me. A selection from my plate-basket lay ready for packing on the table by his side.

"I fear," I began, with withering sarcasm, "I am interrupting you?"

"If I was you," he replied, with perfect composure, "I should be more afeared o' ketching cold in them things."

"Never mind that," I replied. "I come for a purpose. I think it is only fair to warn you at once that you are practically a lost man."

"None o' that, guv'nor!" he said, and sprang to his feet. "No whistling fur no cops, or else—!"

"I shall not summon any police," I said, with a quiet consciousness of power. "I shall deal with you single-handed!"

"Will yer, now?" he replied, looking me up and down. "Lor! fancy that!"

"You are probably thinking," I said, divining his thoughts at once, "that I don't appear a very formidable antagonist?"

"Well," he said, "yer don't look no bloomin' SANDOW, and that's a fact. Still, yer may be a reglar little lion, like, when yer roared. Or agin, yer mayn't. There's no tellin'!"

"Before we put it to the test," said I, "I feel bound to mention that I am the master of a new system of self-defence which places

you entirely at my mercy. You may spare yourself considerable pain, and even a broken bone or two (for I shall not hesitate to go to any extremes) if you yield at once."

"Let's see what you can do fust," he said.

"You shall," I replied. "I will begin by showing you a method of conducting 'an undesirable person' (for I must say I consider you a *most* undesirable person) out of a room. I shall take you into the drawing-room, where we shall have more room for experiments."

With these words, I suddenly seized him, to his unfeigned surprise, by the left wrist with my left hand, and pulled him towards me; then, turning sharply on my heels, I locked his arm in mine by a simple but effective manœuvre, and marched him, unresisting, into the passage. "You see," I remarked, pleasantly (for there was no use in losing my temper with the poor devil), "I'm putting a strain on your joints which they are, anatomically and mechanically, unable to resist. If you struggled, I could easily break your elbow."

"I thought you was goin' to take me into the droring-room?" was all he said. "Upstairs we're goin'."

I had already noticed it. "The *principle*'s the same," I said. "You've had to leave the room, anyhow."

"Right," he said, "but we don't want to go wakin' up people with these 'ere parlour games o' yours. Let's go back, eh?"

And somehow, whether by the unconscious influence of my will or from other causes, I did find myself back in the study shortly afterwards. "I think I forgot one of the directions," I said. "I altered the position of my legs—I ought not to have done that."

"Ah," he said, "I thought yer left *sumthink* out. D'yer know any *more* little tricks like that?"

I remembered a rather neat way of "overthrowing an assailant who attempts to strike you in the face." "Yes," I said, "just try to hit me in the face—don't be afraid."

"I don't want to 'urt yer," he said.

"Do as I tell you," I said, imperiously. He struck out—not a very formidable blow—and I guarded with my left, so as to receive the blow on my forearm (which I did, quite correctly).

"Now observe what follows," I said, smiling. "I slip my hand, with a quick, clean movement, up your arm, grasp you by the wrist, and—"

"And *what?*" he asked.

I was obliged to admit that perhaps I had not made sufficiently sure to "grasp my adversary at the first attempt." "However," I added, "you see the general idea of the thing." He said he saw that, and thought it first-rate. "Now," said I, "I'll show you another little dodge. Just catch me from behind and pinion my arms."

"Like this 'ere?" he said. He was holding me rather too tight, but I said it would do very well.

"I'll tell you exactly what I propose to do," I explained. "I shall bend my knees first, which will cause your hold to slip over my shoulders. I shall next free my arms, a movement which, according to my instructions, I shall probably have no difficulty in executing, drop on my right knee, pull you over my shoulder, and deposit you on the ground before me with a heavy thud—Now!"

There was a heavy thud—but he didn't make it. I don't know when I have been more surprised.

"It's very singular," I could not help saying, "but by all the rules, I ought to be on top of you!"

"Ah," he said, philosophically, as he sat on my chest, "things will 'appen rum sometimes. Like to try it agin?"

"No, not that one," said I; "but there's rather a pretty trick I could teach you, if you'll let me get up."

"Allays willing to learn, guv'nor," said the Burglar, and assisted me to rise.

"Turn your back to me," I told him, "and let me seize you by the collar. You will find that, without any exertion of strength on my part, I can throw you. I'll tell you *how* I do it afterwards."

He obeyed, and I placed one foot just behind his knee, and pressed and pulled simultaneously, which *should* have deposited him instantly on his back. But either I pressed harder than I pulled, or pulled harder than I pressed—all I know is that I presently found myself turning some kind of somersault over his head.

"You fell very clever that time," said the Burglar, gravely. A coarser nature might have been tempted to smile; but, criminal as he was, the man was not without natural good-breeding. "Ow d'yer manage to do it without 'urting yourself?"

As a matter of fact I had *not* managed to do so. I doubt if it would have been possible; but I said carelessly that it was just a knack. "But that's nothing," I added. "I must show you one more dodge: you lie down on the floor and let me get hold of your foot, and see what happens."

What *ought* to have happened was that I should, by twisting his foot, have turned him over on his face, then held him behind the knee, and exerted leverage so as to force his foot backwards—which would have rendered him utterly powerless. What *actually* did happen was that he kicked me rather severely in the stomach.

"Why, you ain't *done*!" said the Burglar, "Lord! I'm just beginnin' to enjoy myself, I am!"

But I was getting a little discouraged. "No," I said, "we won't play any more, I think. To tell you the truth, I've been rather taken in by some articles in one of the magazines by a man called BARTON-WRIGHT. He calls his precious art of self-defence 'Bartitsu'—I call it confounded rot!"

"It ain't rot," said the Burglar, "it's all right enough, that is!"

"It *can't* be," I said, "if it had been, you wouldn't have had a chance against me!"

"You done very well for a beginner," he said, kindly, "and you're game enough. But, yer see, I've bin readin' up them rules too, and practisin' of them wiv a pal, so it's no bloomin' wonder—"

I wrung his hand warmly—I couldn't help it, so touched was I by the chivalrous delicacy with which he at once restored my self-respect and my belief in Mr. BARTON-WRIGHT.

"Thank you," I said, "you're a good fellow for telling me. I could not understand why I wasn't more successful!"

"Don't you fret, guv'nor!" he said. "If ever I see a morril vict'ry in this world, it was you won it. And now I won't keep you up no longer. Don't come to the door in them pijamers. I can let *myself* out."

I was so pleased with the honest fellow that I actually reminded him he was forgetting the plate, and he was so pleased with me that he positively declined to carry off anything but a spoon and fork as a *souvenir*.

It is true he chose the only two which had a hall-mark; but I do not grudge them to him. For now I *know* that I really can rely on Mr. BARTON-WRIGHT's system in any emergencies of this kind. And that, to a man like myself, of small stature and no particular *physique*, is such an inexpressible comfort.



HIGH PRINCIPLES.

Raphael Green (proudly clasping his epoch-making work, "*The Rescue of Andromeda*," to Driver). "DRIVE TO BURLINGTON HOUSE, PLEASE." Ultra-modest Cabby. "No, Sir, I REALLY COULDN'T DO IT. WHAT WOULD MY FRIENDS SAY IF THEY WAS TO SEE ME DRIVIN' THAT DOWN PICCADILLY?"

BORES.

(By One of Them.)

THERE are various kinds of bores; there is, for instance, the wild boar, and the tame bore, and it is the latter who drives you wild.

The hide of the wild boar is covered with short, strong bristles, which can turn the point of a spear: the hide of the tame bore is, however, absolutely impenetrable. Wild boars have long ceased to roam about in this country, although a number of them are preserved in an enclosure in Windsor Forest; tame bores are still to be found in great numbers roaming about quite freely, and many of them are very well preserved.

Except when disturbed in his haunts, the wild boar does not, as a rule, attack human beings; the tame bore, on the other hand, seeks out his victims and runs them down even when they are most anxious to avoid him.

Years ago, in the mansions of the mighty, one of the chief dishes at Christmas time was Boar's Head, which was carried in state into the dining-hall, accompanied by musicians and mummers, and set upon the table with much pomp and ceremony; but even to this day at some fashionable dinner parties a bore's head is occasionally seen at the table.

In conclusion, I should like to point out with pardonable pride that I have successfully resisted the temptation to allude to the boas of feathers or furs worn by ladies; and I have not even so much as hinted at the boa-constrictor.

OUR OLD FRIEND AGAIN!—During the recent contest in the HARTWOD Division of Middlesex, Mr. IRWIN COX was cheered by a telegram from Mr. BALFOUR. So Ballot Box and Competitor Cox ought to have been satisfied.

GLAD TO HEAR IT.—That the report as to the illness of the AMEER was a mere report.



Village Gossip. "DID YE 'EAR AS OWD SALLY SERGEANT'S DEAD! 'ER WHAT'S BIN PEW-OPENER UP TO WICKLEHAM CHURCH NIGH ON FIFTY YEAR." *The Village Atheist (solemnly).* "AH! SEE WHAT COMES O' PEW-OPENIN'!"

AIRS RESUMPTIVE.

(Muscular Women Series.)

[Dr. ARABELLA KENNELLY in *The Nineteenth Century* calls attention to the demoralising effect of athletics upon women. Her friend, "CLARA," used to be elusive; she is now muscular. The signs of the times seem to call for a remodelling of the old poetry on the lines of later developments.]

I.—LUCY GRAY.

(New Style.)

WELL I remember LUCY GRAY
In skirt of two-some cut,
For on the links one Medal day
I boshed her winning put.

And often through an oversight,
When she was still alive,
My head delayed her pellet's flight
And spoilt a spanking drive.

Hard by a sporting course she kept,
All sandy from the sea;
No keener artist ever stepped
Upon a human tee.

You still may hear strong men at play
Blaspheming on the green,
But I regret that LUCY GRAY
Will never more be seen.

"My child, your tastes are very low!
They hurt your mother's heart;
O take your sampler up and sew,
Or bake a little tart!"

"That, mother, I will never do!
Last night I lay and dreamt
I'd do 'The Pit' to-day in two,
Or die in the attempt."

The mother gave her child the look
Which Lucy could not stand;
At once she said "Ta-ta!" and took
Her weapons in her hand.

Blithe as the young opossum flits,
With many a sturdy hack
She cut the living turf in bits,
And failed to put it back.

A blizzard blew at 4.15,
The sky was black as coal;
Her ball was on the eighteenth green,
But never in the hole.

Her loving parents, when they found
She came not home to tea,
Sought for her round the solid ground,
And slightly out to sea.

The wind blew landward, rude and raw;
'Twas time to be in bed,
When on the eighteenth tee they saw
Poor Lucy's bulger's head.

"A fozzled drive!" the father cried;
"Pray heaven she did not swear!"
But close at hand the mother spied
Great hunks of Lucy's hair.

Then, by the bull's-eye lantern's glow,
Advancing from the tee

They found the shaft that lay as though
Snapped clean across the knee.

They moved towards the bunker's edge
That blocked the eighteenth hole;
And there they marked below the ledge
Signs of a hob-nailed sole!

Across "The Pit" they pounded hard
On these abnormal prints;
While niblick-furrows, every yard,
Provided further hints.

And now in drift and driving sleet
They lost, with many a groan,
The speaking trace of Lucy's feet,
And scarce could lift their own.

At last when both had long gone lame
And fairly spent their force,
Up to the eyes in sand they came
On Lucy's bunkered corpse!

They found her ball, at rise of sun,
Dead, too,—against the hole;
It was the final shot but one
Had freed the panting soul!

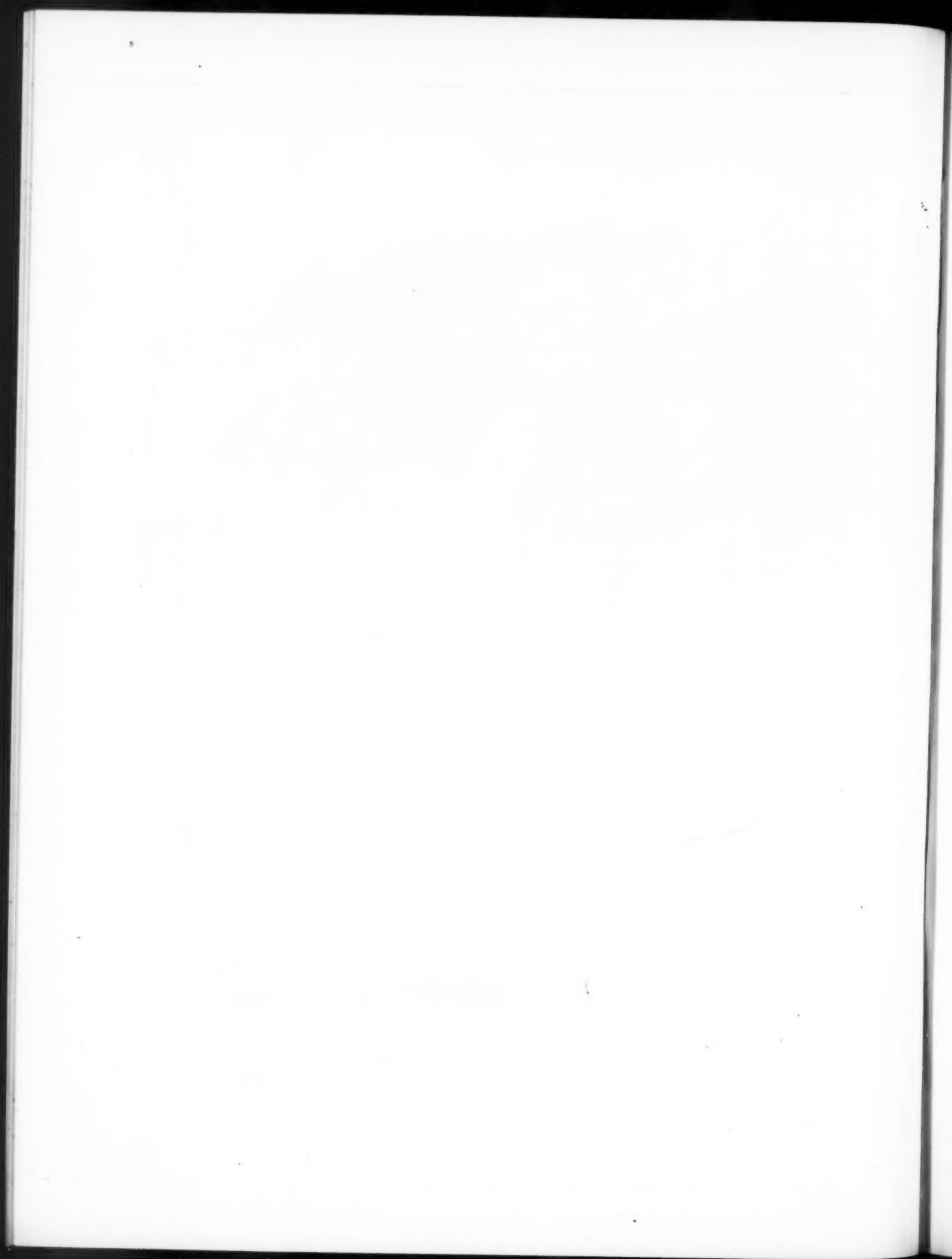
Yet have I known of some who swore
The child might yet be seen;
They still could hear her thundering "Fore!"
Shatter the eighteenth green.

Then such have taken wings and fled,
Nor ever looked behind;
Fearing to see her bulger-head
Come whistling down the wind.



“JOHN’S COMFORTER!”

JOHN BULL, “WHAT! I’M IN FOR ALL THIS DEFICIT! WHAT’S TO BECOME OF ME IN MY OLD AGE?”
SIR MORTIMER HERRICK, “WELL—WHEN YOU’RE OVER SIXTY-FIVE, PRAY MY FRIEND, MR. CHAMBERLAIN, WILL SEE HIS WAY TO ALLOW YOU FIVE SHILLINGS A WEEK!”





"SUCH A HAPPY REMARK!"

Wife of Patient. "I'M SO SORRY, DOCTOR, TO BRING YOU ALL THE WAY TO HAMPSTEAD TO SEE MY HUSBAND."

Doctor (from Mayfair). "PRAY DON'T MENTION IT, MY DEAR MADAM. I HAVE ANOTHER PATIENT IN THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD, SO I'M KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE!"

LADY HARBERTON AND THE LANDLADY.

"Will you walk into my parlour?"

Said the hostess, with a grin.

"You can't lunch in the coffee-room, I will not let you in."

The people in the coffee-room

Would be quite sure to stare,

Not on account of what you are,

You know, but *what you wear!*"

But the lady in the bloomers

Was as angry as could be.

And she answered, "Your bar-parlour

Is no fit place for me.

Of the C.T.C. I'm member,

And I have cycled far,

I insist on having luncheon,

But not inside the bar."

"You can have a room that's private,"

Said the hostess, "if you pay

A little extra for it, though

I wish you'd go away."

But that little extra payment

By the cyclist was declined,

And she had no change of raiment,

So she left and *changed her mind!*

FOUND IN THEIR EASTER EGGS.

France.—Measurable distance of the conclusion of the Dreyfus case.

Russia.—Date for the first meeting of the Peace Conference.

United States.—Renewed chance of a settlement with the Mother Country on the re-assembling of the Arbitration Committee.

Germany.—Adoption of the suggestions of the Right Hon. CECIL RHODES anent the route from the Cape to Cairo.

Austria.—Solution of pending questions between the Empire and the Kingdom thanks to the wisdom of the reigning sovereign.

Italy.—Enough—as good as a land feast—in China.

Spain.—End of responsibility for the doings of rebels beyond the seas.

Great Britain.—Order of the day justified by the situation under the shadow of the Union Jack. "All's well—everywhere."

"THE SWALLOWS HAVE COME BACK."

AN IDYLL OF THE HOLIDAYS.

(By the Father of a Family. Dedicated to his Better Half.)

The trees are breaking into green,
The flowers are peeping forth,
And sometime-sunshine may be seen
Twixt snow-gusts from the North.
The lambs are thick upon the hills,
With beeves the vales are black,
And all the JACKS are courting JILLS—
The swallows have come back!

Since Christmas time had passed away,
How happy we have been;

Our little household knew our sway,

I King, and you the Queen.

But now I tremble at the thought

Of rebels' fierce attack,

For piles of victuals must be bought—

Our swallows have come back!

We are content with humble fare,

The little for the few,

A steak or chop, a fowl or hare,

Or e'en an Irish stew.

But simple, humble appetites

Our progeny all lack:

They crave for giant sups and bites—

The swallows have come back!

A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE.

THE two weary African travellers approached one another from different points of the compass. They neither had the faintest notion where they were.

"Bon jaw, jer swee enchanntay de voo vwar," said the first.

"Ow do you do, Sare?" was the reply.

"Voo parlay Anglais see bang que jer swee sure voos ait Fyongsay."

"You speak the French so much good, you are English, Mister."

And both were right! Then they sat down and complimented one another upon the great advantage they had derived from coming to an understanding about the Hinterland.



A POSER.

Uncle George. "NEARLY TOP OF YOUR FORM, EH! WELL, NOW, CAN YOU TELL ME—H'M—THE LATIN FOR—H'M—POTATOE?"

EASTER IN PARIS AND AFTER.

(By our Travelling Impressionist.)

TREES in full leaf. Suggestions still in evidence of the *mi-carême*. Confetti here, there, and everywhere. Remnants of coloured paper, ribands on the branches, and discs on the earth showing through the circular iron gratings. Churches full of ladies wearing feathers and artificial flowers. The latest mode, a stand-up fur collar and a plain skirt on the trail.

The cabs as usual. Horses in Paris seemingly trained in colthood to run down the incautious pedestrian passing from shelter to shelter in the more frequented thoroughfares. Police officer with white truncheon attempting with more or less success to control the traffic. Foreign cabbie quietly defiant. Golden rule—when in doubt run down an Englishman. Kiosks with *affiches* of the doings at the theatres. Novelties at

the Palais Royal and elsewhere. COQUELIN great as Napoleon, and the piece pathetic at the Vaudeville. And at the Varieties, once sacred to OFFENBACH and HORTENSE SCHNEIDER, an utterly impossible play from a London point of view, written by an Academician. Grand opera at the little house in which were first heard the chimes of *Les Cloches de Corneville*. For the rest in great demand that popular reproduction, *Relâche*, and vacation.

On either side the Seine the coming Exhibition. Two men and a boy at work building. The old Palais de l'Industrie coming down and giving place to a stone erection waiting for a dome calculated to excite the envy of the Chapter of St. Paul's or possibly of St. Peter's. "Old Paris" fast appearing on the "river right" with time-worn walls of lath and plaster. Most of the Quartier between the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré and the Invalides enclosed

ready for the invasion—next year—of France payers of every civilised nationality and politics. All to be surrendered until the Exposition is over. Fashoda, Algeria, what you will to be ceded to Perfidious Albion, rather than risk a complication. Even the statue of Strasbourg in the Place de la Concorde, neglected like a tomb at Père-la-Chaise, sinking into forgetfulness. England and Germany can wait until the commencement of the twentieth century.

And the people. Exceedingly polite to the strangers, who are not strangers to the hotel-keepers. Salutes to JOHN BULL, who is allowed to appear without projecting teeth and long red whiskers. Resigned civility to the speakers of the German tongue; cooling cordiality to the Russians. For the remainder of the human race, obliging toleration.

And the hotels. Thronged with *habitués*. The order of the day, "Pleased to see you, and hope you will come again next year." Even coupons popular. No rows, no *réclamations*.

In a word, Paris on her best behaviour. And how about the after? Those who know the place best say the gay city exists only for the present. Paris never has an after!

DISCRETION.

["A young lady of Philadelphia was awarded damages against FREDERICK FARROW. It appears that when he was introduced to her, he squeezed her hand so hard that he broke one of the bones, and rendered the hand useless, necrosis setting in." *Westminster Gazette*.]

PHYLLIS dear, though you I see
Filled with rapture at the meeting,
Science indicates to me
Perils in our every greeting.

Should I venture on your lips
Snatching half-forbidden blisses,
Microbes clutch with ghastly grips,
Lurking in your sweetest kisses.

If your little hand I hold,
(Fearful of tuberculosis.)
Squeezes threaten—now we're told—
If too vigorous, necrosis.

Musing thus, I call to mind—
(Till at length I grow disdainful.)
Microbes sometimes may prove kind—
Broken bones are always painful.

Then the handshake, rough and rude,
PHYLLIS, prudently dismissing,
We are driven to conclude
That the safer plan is—kissing.

SOMETHING ON HAND.—A glove.



Shade of Robespierre. "Well, I am just a little curious, Sir Henry, to know how you're going to represent my nose."



SOMETHING OF THIS SORT, WE PRESUME.

[“The Parks Committee of the L.C.C., in giving permission for bathing in the lake at Parliament Hill, recommends that the bathers should wear ‘University Costume.’ . . . This recommendation has (not unnaturally) been referred back to the Committee for explanations.”—*Daily Chronicle*.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

AN obvious, though not necessarily fatal, defect in *The Kingdom of Hate* (HUTCHINSON) is that, in plot and treatment, it persistently recalls the *Prisoner of Zenda*. If Mr. TOM GALLON had been first in this picturesque field, Mr. ANTHONY HOPE would have had to take to writing *Tatterley*. My Baronite is inclined to think that as the domain is so distinctly marked, a writer of such rich resources, such marked originality, would have been wise to avoid it. Since Mr. GALLON thought otherwise, and has plunged in, it must be said he acquits himself admirably. The book is full of life, flashing forth in all kinds of unexpected guises and quarters. *Bernard Aubanel* is a sort of Three Musketeers rolled into one. He has a delightful Squire in *Jimmy Witherby*, the Princess is charming, and the Count leaves nothing to be desired in the way of villainy. It is well to begin the story whilst the nights are still long, for it is hard to put it down before being galloped breathlessly to the end.

Messrs. GAY & BIRD have had a happy thought in starting their library of Biblots with a new edition of COLERIDGE'S *Table Talk*. It makes a dainty little volume that will snugly rest in the pocket, and come forth the companion of chance spare moments. Mr. POTTER BRISCOE has admirably compiled the book on the principle of selecting the material most likely to interest the general reader. The talk is divided under various heads, an index completing convenience. Dr. DIBDEN admirably records of COLERIDGE, that on an occasion when he was privileged to be in his company, “he spoke for nearly two hours with unhesitating and uninterrupted fluency.” That, in itself, is nothing. Mr. CALDWELL, with or without an audience in the House of Commons, could “do it on ‘is ‘ead.”

The Confounding of Camelia (HEINEMANN) is a confoundingly bad title, which repels. Nor are the opening chapters of the story persuasive. My Baronite confesses that after struggling through them, he was disposed to lay the book aside with a weary sigh. Being a conscientious person, on his oath to truly try the case, he went on to what he anticipated would be the bitter end and found it very good. Miss SEDGWICK happily describes the purport of her story, when she writes of a dusty little moth beating dying wings near the ground, its eyes fixed on the exquisite butterfly tilting its white loveliness in the sunshine. The moth is *Cousin Mary*, a plain-looking dependant; the butterfly is the well-born, beautiful, rich *Camelia*. It is the moth, suddenly transformed by the passion of love, that makes the tragedy. The scenes between *Mary* and her flighty cousin when the wounded moth is fluttering nearer the ground, are dramatically conceived and powerfully written. The difficulty is to understand the fatal fascination the awkwardly named *Perior* has for marriageable young women. To mere man, he is a self-conscious prig, with a tendency to make his

conversation soothing by repeatedly assuring a lady she is a liar. Obviously he is a woman's man, an inscrutable being evolved out of woman's inner consciousness.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



IF WE WERE FRENCH.

SCENE—A secluded Spot in Darkest Tooting.

THIS IS MERELY A LITTLE BUSINESS INTERVIEW ON WAR OFFICE MATTERS BETWEEN VISCOUNT WOLSELEY, K.P., &c., AND GENERAL SIR EVELYN WOOD.



Tom (our Doctor's son). "I WOULDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH CAPTAIN SMILER IF I WERE YOU, ELLA."
 Miss Ella. "TOM! WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU MEAN?"
 Tom. "WELL, HE'S NOT SAFE! I HEARD DAD SAY HIS VERY LAUGH WAS INFECTIOUS!"

R. I., PICCADILLY.

"Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours."

'Tis a long title. Were only the initials used of "Royal Institute Painters," it figures out lugubriously as "R. I. P." Now, "*Requiescat in Pace*" is not, and never can be, the motto of a going concern, unless it be a going-to-decay concern, which is quite another matter, and is not in the least applicable to the Royal Institute, which is as fresh as paint and doing uncommonly well, as, of course, must be the case with any Artistic Society that has the good fortune to secure as a member of its Council, Sir JOHN TENNIEL, R.P.A.

Now, we should like so much to give the P.I. a lift. Only we do not see why, as a rich association, the members should not give the public a lift, and then the public would not fatigue itself by walking up that tiring flight of steps leading to the galleries above. That is the sort of "lift" the P.I. wants. How many are there, who, saying, "Blowed if I go up those stairs!" would willingly mount by "the lift," even if there were charged for the luxury the ridiculously small sum of one halfpenny! Let the Council consider it. Who are its members? Let us refer to the list. Let the "AUMONIER" prepare his savings-box for the mounting receipts. The lift will, of course, be "for passengers only," and therefore "BALE" may not see any advantage to himself personally. Mr. PLUM BUNDY will welcome it, if he be not a Hot Cross BUNDY; while Mr. FAHEY (E. H.) will be willing to spare himself any Fahey-tigue. Any one rejoicing in the delightful name of FULLEYLOVE, will, of course, be in raptures with the idea: he'll fully love it. What has ever been uttered by JOHNSON on the subject some BOSWELL will inform us. He who bears the dramatically honoured name of SHERIDAN KNOWLES will certainly vote for doing it; *Acta non verba* must be his motto. WILLIAM RAINEY will approve of the halfpenny charge as putting by for a Rainy

Day. It only remains for the Vice-President to take heart of grace; to weep and *Wimper* is useless. Then let the Treasurer KING take a right regal view of the ways and means at command, and let the President show himself as GREGORY the Great, for it only requires his Presidential assent, and up goes the "*ascenseur*." Finally, there is not a water-colour picture but is improved by a "mount"; therefore a collection of them ought to have a "lift."

However, it is a show well worth the climb. Pause filially before the work of DADD, FRANK DADD (18), a grand-DADD! Refresh yourself with RICHARDSON'S "*Early Summer*" (23). Read your *Vicar of Wakefield*, and discover if Mr. DOLLMAN is quite correct in his good picture of "*Moses at the Fair*." Wonder wistfully at the mysterious maid, who is idling in SAINTON'S "*The Idyll*" (50). Admire MOTTRAM'S Cornish landscape (57), and make up your mind to take a holiday in the neighbourhood. If you love the sea, rejoice in the Ramsgate boats (78); and then, if you have the ready coin, offer the price marked in guineas, and in exchange you'll get a Halfpenny, a real J. C. HALFPENNY for it (80). Linger in "*A Surrey Lane*," by MARKS (107). Examine the perspective gilt frame in which the honorary member, Count SECKENDORF, enshrines his "*Venice*" (153). Look in at the "*Kashmir Gate*" of WILLIAM SIMPSON. Notice (292) the bloom that is on the Rye Marshes of GREEN, R.I. (why not the "R.I." Marshes?); stand under your umbrella for a good view of "*Young Holland*" (305), because it's RAINEY; and in EDWARD GREGORY'S circular picture in golden frame, acknowledge the type of a "good all round" artist. The "go" in CHANTREY CORBOULD'S work, representing a horse career- ing away and singing to himself "*The Girl I left behind me*," is excellent. No wonder she fell off that wonderful horse, whose owner has evidently tried to match his colour by providing him with saddle and uncommonly stiff reins to match.

We regret that neither space nor time will permit us to mention many notable works, but the visitor will be able to pass a couple of hours there with pleasure and profit. On no account must he miss the Miniatures, from which to select would be invidious. Ascend to the Gallery of the R.I. and enjoy yourself.

TWO OR THREE NAPOLEONS.

On the same day that the *Daily Telegraph* recorded the extraordinary success of M. COQUELIN at the Porte St. Martin as *Napoleon*, there appeared also, in the same paper, an interesting article on CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS, an actress once well-known to theatrical fame as "a ROBSON in petticoats"; to appreciate which simile, it is evidently necessary to have seen that wonderful little comedian, or to be well informed as to the peculiarities of "little ROBSON," who was as moving in pathos as he was irresistible in burlesque and farce. The article above alluded to omitted one of the greatest hits that CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS ever made; and the announcement of COQUELIN'S triumph in "making up" his nose—or rather in making it down, arching the boney part of his nose, and depressing its retroussiveness,—must have recalled to not a few elderly play-goers how CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS took the house by storm, when, as *Claude Melnotte* disguised, she threw off the cloak and stood before the astonished audience the very "spit" of the Great NAPOLEON himself, who, by the way, must have been just about the height of CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS. Thus, physically, for she was a broad and sturdy figure, this comic actress was far better suited by nature to represent "The Corsican" than are either COQUELIN or IRVING, with the latter of whom the impersonation was an extraordinary *tour de force*, as a good deal of allowance had to be made, by even his most enthusiastic admirers, for the difficulties with which Sir HENRY had to contend.

But CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS as *Napoleon Bonaparte* was marvellous! And "little CLARKE" as *Beauséant*, suddenly transformed into LOUIS NAPOLEON, confronting her, and exclaiming, "Oh, my prophetic soul! My uncle!" gave us one of the wittiest surprises, one of the very funniest, most laughable situations that was ever conceived and put on to the stage by its author, HENRY J. BYRON. For how many hundred nights did she "go Nap." with undiminished success! It is worth while for Mr. *Punch* to make this record, and present it with his compliments, as a supplement to the writer of that excellent article in the *D. T.* on Wednesday last.

ELECTION NOTE.—Major STUART WORTLEY commanded "The Friendlies" in the Sudan. If in the general election he can command the friendlies in his selected division of Yorkshire as well as he did those in the Sudan, his chances of success will not be inconsiderable.

IN TROUBLED CHINESE WATERS.—Why does Italy want to have a nice little place all to herself in Sammun Bay? Simply to get some good Sammun fishing? That's all.